

All generals stand in line, salute nigga

You know me from spendin the loot  
Also put rims on the coupe  
Remember Duke I spin to shoot  
I ain't here to kid to you  
Skip a loose, get an ounce, flip a deuce, hit the stoop  
Remember stupid I'm here to tell you that I'm living proof  
CRIME PAYS!  
I'm glad you hate, nigga go masterbate  
Took my cap and gown bitches but I ain't graduate  
CRIME PAYS!  
What a vision to see  
O.G. glisten and glee, sit in the V  
Did it in three, homeboy listen to me

Crime pays  
99 ways, 9 gauge, AK-47 homey hit the highway  
Crime pays  
I got a record company, liquor and clothing line  
Cause my weed was fresh, coke was white, dope was nine

BIRD CAGE! That's what it's gonna be  
3rd grade Mr. Massey asked us what we wanna be  
Jeff said a lifeguard, Bobby said a firefighter  
Jeff gonna have a Porsche and Bobby said he'll have a Spyder  
David said police, Wanda said she wished to dance  
They gonna get married, have a big crib in France  
I started actin up, wait a minute back it up  
This ain't math class but this shit ain't adding up  
Then Mr. Massey looked and that's when the teacher asked  
"You got a problem Cam" Yeah, I should teach this class  
Maybe I'll reach they ass,  
Tell em they don't need to have degrees in math  
Know your credit, debit, plus receipts for cash  
A few geeks had laughed, I told the dude stop your wishin  
You won't have a pot to piss in with that damn job you gettin  
Call Cam a gift, they wasn't understanding this  
Damn I'm rich, a drug dealer turned out philanthropist

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